

# The Salt River Journal.

A. H. BUCKNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"POWER IS EVER STEALING FROM THE MANY TO THE FEW."

G. B. PRICE, PUBLISHER.

VOL. 8—NUMBER 21.

BOWLING-GREEN, MO. SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1841.

WHOLE NUMBER 385.

TERMS—\$2 50 if paid within three months.  
\$3 00 if paid during the year.  
\$3 50 if not paid during the year.  
Subscribers may discontinue their papers at any time by paying for the time they have received them, without notice.

Those who subscribe for a year, and do not at the time of subscribing, order a discontinuance at the end of it, will be considered subscribers until they order the paper to be stopped, and pay all arrears.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

\$1 00 per square, for 12 lines or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuance.

Advertisements must be marked with the number of insertions that are requested; otherwise, they will be continued till forbid, and charged accordingly. No variation from these rates in any case.

Advertisements from a distance, and from persons with whom we have no current accounts, must be accompanied by the cash, or some responsible reference in town.

All letters addressed to the editors, must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

Communications of a Personal Character, will be charged double the rates of advertising.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES. A TALE OF TRUTH.

One pleasant evening in the month of June, in the year 17—(a man was observed entering the borders of a wood near the Hudson; his appearance was that of a person above the common rank. The inhabitants of the country would have dignified him with the name of Squire, and from his manner have pronounced him proud; but those more accustomed to society, would inform you there was something like a military air about him. His horse panted as if it had been hard pushed for some miles, yet from the owner's frequent stops to caress the patient animal, he could not be charged with want of humanity, but seemed to be actuated by some urgent necessity. The rider's forsaking a good road for a by-path leading through the woods, indicated a desire to avoid the gaze of other travellers. He had not left the house where he enquired the direction of the path, more than two hours, before the quietude of the place was broken by the noise of distant thunder. He was soon after obliged to dismount, travelling became dangerous, as darkness concealed surrounding objects, except where the lightning's terrific flash afforded a momentary view of his situation. A peal, louder and of longer duration than any of the preceding, which now burst over his head seeming as if it would rend the woods asunder, was quickly followed by a heavy fall of rain, which penetrated the clothing of the stranger, ere he could obtain the shelter of a large oak which stood at a little distance.

Almost exhausted with the labors of the day, he was about making such disposition of the saddle and his overcoat, as would enable him to pass the night with that comfort circumstances would admit, when he espied a light glimmering through the trees. Animated with the hope of better lodgings, he determined to proceed. The way, which was steep, became attended with more obstacles the farther he advanced, the soil being composed of clay, which the rain had rendered so soft that his feet slipped every step. By the utmost perseverance this difficulty was finally overcome without any accident, and he had the pleasure of finding himself in the front of a decent looking farm house. The wicket door began barking, which brought the owner of the mansion to the door.

"Who is there?" said he.  
"A friend who has lost his way and is in search of shelter," was the reply.

"Come in," added the first speaker, "and what ever my house will afford, you shall have with welcome."

"I must first provide for the weary companion of my journey," remarked the other.  
But the farmer undertook the task, and after conducting the new comer into the room where his wife was seated, he led the horse to a well stored barn, and there provided for him most bountifully. On rejoining the traveller, he observed, "that's a noble animal of yours, sir."

"Yes," was the reply, "and I am sorry to be obliged to misuse him, so as to make it necessary to give you so much trouble with the care of him, but I have yet to thank you for your kindness to both of us."

"I did no more than my duty, sir," said the entertainer, "and therefore am entitled to no thanks."

But, Susan, added he, turning to the hostess, with a half reproachful look, "why have you not given the gentleman something to eat?"

Fear had prevented the good woman from exercising her well known benevolence; for a robbery had been committed by a lawless band of depredators a few days before, in the neighborhood, and as report stated that the ruffians were well dressed, her imagination suggested that this might be one of them. At her husband's remonstrance, she now readily engaged in repairing her error, by preparing a plentiful repast. During the meal there was much interesting conversation among the three. As soon as the worthy countryman perceived that his guest had satisfied his appetite, he informed him that it was now the hour at which the family usually performed their evening devotions, inviting him at the same time to be present. The invitation was accepted in these words:

It will afford me the greatest pleasure to commune with my heavenly preserver, after the events of the day: such exercises prepare us for the repose which we seek in sleep."

The host now reached the bible from the shelf, and after reading a chapter and singing concluded the whole with a fervent prayer—then lighting a pine knot, conducted the person he entertained to his chamber, wishing him a good night's rest, and retired to an adjoining apartment.

"John," whispered the woman, "that is a good gentleman, and not one of the highway-men, as I supposed."

"Yes, Susan," said he, "I like him better for thinking of his God, than for all his kind inquiries about our welfare. I wish our Peter had been from the army, if it was only to hear him talk, I am sure Washington himself could not say more for his country, nor give a better history of the hardships endured by our brave soldiers."

"Who knows now," inquired the wife, "but it may be he himself, after all, my dear, for they do say he travels just so, all alone, sometimes. Hark! what's that?"

The sound of a voice came from the chamber of the guest, who was engaged in his private religious worship. After thanking his creator for his many mercies, and asking a blessing on the inhabitants of the house, he continued—"and now Almighty Father, if it is thy holy will that we shall obtain a place among the nations of the earth, grant we may be enabled to show our gratitude for thy goodness, by our endeavors to obey thee. Bless us with wisdom in our councils, success in battle, and let our victories be tempered with humanity. Endow also our enemies with enlightened minds, that they may become sensible of their injustice, and willing to restore our liberty and peace. Grant the petition of thy servant for the sake of him whom thou hast called thy son; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.—Amen."

The next morning the traveller declining the pressing solicitations to breakfast with his host, declared it was necessary for him to cross the river immediately, at the same time offering a part of his purse as a compensation for the attention he had received—which was refused.

"Well, sir," concluded he, "since you will not permit me to recompense you for your trouble, it is but just that I should inform you on whom you have conferred so many obligations, and also to add to them by requesting your assistance in crossing the river. I had been out yesterday endeavoring to obtain some information respecting your enemy, and being alone, ventured too far from our camp; on my return, I was surprised by a foraging party, and only escaped by my knowledge of the roads, and the fleetness of my horse. My name is George Washington."

Surprise kept the listener silent for a moment, then, after unsuccessfully repeating the invitation to partake of some refreshments, he hastened to call two negroes, with whose assistance he placed the horse on a small raft of timber that was lying near the door, and soon conveyed the General to the opposite side; where he left him to pursue his way to the camp, wishing him a safe and prosperous journey. On his return to the house he found that while he was engaged in making preparations for conveying the horse across the river, the illustrious visitor had persuaded the woman to accept a token of remembrance, which the family are proud of exhibiting to this day.

## A MELTING STORY.

One winter evening, a country store-keeper in the Mountain State was about closing doors for the night, and while standing in the snow outside putting up his window shutters, he saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few moments found the Green Mountain storekeeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture, for which he might have gained a premium from the old institution.

"I say, Seth," said the storekeeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping the snow off his shoes.

Seth had his hand upon the door, his hat upon his head, and the roll of new butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon, now, on such an eternal cold night as this, a little something warm wouldn't hurt a fellow;—come and sit down."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of "something warm" sadly interfered with his resolution to go.—This hesitation however was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes that while the country storekeeper sat before him there was no possibility of his getting out, and right in this very place, sure enough, the store keeper sat down.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz,"

said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove door and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit. "Without it you'd freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and jumped up, declaring he must go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth; come, I've got a story to tell you, too; sit down, now," and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh! its too darn'd hot here," said the petty thief again attempting to rise.

"Set down—don't be in such a playe hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him in his chair.

"But I've got the cows to fodder, and some wood to split, and I must be a goin'," continued the persecuted chap.

"But you musn't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Set down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool, you appear to be fidgety!" said the roguish grocer with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum today, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

Seth, I'll give you a toast now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, yet with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's—here's a Christmas goose—(it was about Christmas time)—here's a Christmas goose, well roasted and basted, eh? I tell you, Seth, its the greatest eating in creation. And, Seth don't you never use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste with; fresh pound butter, jest the same as you see on that shelf yonder, is the only proper thing in nature to baste a goose with;—come take your butter—I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke, as well as to melt, and his mouth was as hermetically sealed up as if he had been born dumb.—Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright; with his back against the counter and his knees almost touching the red hot furnace before him.

"Darnation cold night, this," said the grocer. "Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you was warm! Why don't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away!"

"No," exclaimed poor Seth at last with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat, "No! I must go; let me out; I ain't well; let me go!" A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor fellow's face and neck, and trickling down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous Vermont, "if you will go," adding, as Seth got out into the road, "neighbor, I reckon the fun I've had out of you is worth a nippence, so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter."—[N. O. Pic.

MANIA A POTU.—The New Orleans Picayune, after some thrilling remarks on the awful misery to which men subject themselves by seeking oblivion from care in the artificial exhilaration of spirituous liquors, adds the following dreadful description of a person whom the editor had seen rendered demoralized by excessive intoxication:

"By an accident we yesterday stood, with chilled veins and starting eyes, witnessing a spectacle of this kind. We were in company with a physician at a moment when he was called upon to administer relief to the victim. In a corner of the room we found the tortured wretch, crouching and peeping fearfully through the rungs of a chair, at a swarm of flying snakes which he said were darting through the room in all directions.—Bleated terror was in his countenance. He sprang from the corner, and flew from one position to another in agonizing alarm.—Devils were pursuing him—behind, before, above and below, and all around him, objects of terror and danger appeared, and instruments of death menaced him on every hand. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets. His exclamations were so full of misery that the heart ached to hear them. Then, again, his fit assumed another form, and he ran about the room, jumping over chairs, and calling to us to see him walk upon the ceiling. Then he raved for liquor, screamed aloud, cursed the world and his own existence, demanded brandy with wild and furious gesticulations, and again sunk into grief and tears, complaining that all the world was leagued against him, and even devils were employed to persecute him. Suddenly he fell into a sort of waking trance. He was lifted on the bed, and there he lay grasping at the air, with such horrible contortions of countenance as made our flesh creep upon our bones. The unfortunate wretch has recovered, as our friend, the physician, declared danger to be past when we left him; but who may form a conception of his anguish endured during that horrid paroxysm? Years of the severest trials and misfortunes should be considered luxurious ease in comparison with one hour of such frightful torment of soul and body. If the condition of eternally condemned spirits may be revealed to mortal comprehension, surely the miserable victims of this malady experience some foretaste of the sinner's doom."

## ANOTHER PROOF OF MR. VAN BUREN'S DEVOTION TO THE INTEREST OF ENGLAND.

Four years back, the excessive issues of paper money put up the prices of all our products, so that they could not be sold abroad in hard money countries, for what they cost at home. This diminished the exportation of our commodities, while those of foreign products were increased upon us by the facilities afforded by banks to purchase, the specie being carried away in payment, and the paper left to glut our market. Hence the calamity of Bank suspensions, and the triumph of foreign commerce over our own. Mr. Van Buren's policy has at last changed the condition of things. Our exportation for the year 1840 amounts to one hundred and thirty one millions five hundred and seventy one thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars; our importation amounts to one hundred and four millions eight hundred and five thousand eight hundred and ninety one dollars—a difference of more than twenty-six millions. We are not surprised that Mr. Van Buren should be denounced by the British journals as "the deadly enemy of Great Britain" in having "stimulated crusades against paper money," and conspiring to defraud "English creditors out of the debts due them in America," because he would not adopt Mr. Biddle's maxim, that "our first duty is to foreign nations." Mr. Van Buren insisted on preserving the specie standard at home; would not consent that our currency should consist altogether of suspended bank-rags—while our gold should be surrendered in exchange for British importations, and our home products left rotting, because their nominal value in paper was too high to permit exportation. It was our rag money prices that brought wheat from the Black Sea into our markets. It was sold at the rag money prices, but the paper currency was instantly cashed by these foreign dealers, at the counters of the banks, and carried away. This, in brief, is the explanation of the bankruptcy of our traders—the ruin of our trade—the depression of the agricultural interests, the foundation of all the rest—and the signal superiority which foreign nations obtained over us while our people sacrificed themselves to the paper credit system.—[Globe.

## THE INAUGURAL.

The cabinet being disposed of, the next matter of tribulation with General HARRISON will be his inaugural; and, that beginning being over, all is over with him. Mr. Clay will doubtless endeavor to have the preparation of this paper committed to him, or some one who will fashion it to his purposes. He will desire to have it countenance the measures he has already marked out in the Senate; but if this course is not carried, Mr. Clay may be satisfied with having the inaugural a mere blank, floundered over with such unmeaning generalities as appeared in the General's own inaugural, a day or two since, made at Baltimore, where he proclaimed himself an enemy to Federalism in its offensive sense, and a Democratic republican—we suppose, in any but the honest sense of the phrase. In case the opening official act shall be of this neuter gender, then the public may infer that Mr. Clay has a carte blanche, and all the measures he has proclaimed, are to be the measures of the Administration.

And with this, there is an end of General HARRISON'S Presidency. To his cabinet (the creatures of Mr. CLAY) the turning out and putting in will be left. On the leader in Congress the whole conduct of the measures of the Administration will devolve; and to this consequence, when Mr. CLAY'S schemes are once assented to, there can be no resistance. His distribution and bank projects comprise all the stakes of the Government. All its riches, then, will be at the disposal of Mr. CLAY, and the majority he will lead in the two Houses. With the cabinet at his beck—the party men in Congress on his side;—the mercenary directly within the purchase of his money dispensing schemes, what will become of the imbecile President;—the garrulous, vain glorious, Commercial in-Chief of the Northwestern army? He will be the pageant of a President, and will be kept employed in mere official parade—the occupation which those who have elected him, doubtless think best suited to his endowments. The addresses to ladies and to holy day assemblies—the showing off at balls, the humility and vanity of excited station—the dinnering and company keeping, will be more than sufficient to amuse and occupy all the hours which the almost octogenarian chief of Tippecanoe, Sandusky, and the Thames, can spare from his pillow. And to these avocations his mind will be directed, while the master of the Government in the Senate, "resolves all its power into that of the purse," which he will command through his majorities in the legislative body.

AN EXTRA SESSION.—We have been informed upon good authority, that General Harrison while in this city, avowed his intention of calling an extra session of Congress.—[Baltimore Republican.

JERSEY PRISON SHIP.—Some workmen, engaged in digging away an embankment in Jackson street, Brooklyn, near the navy yard, on Thursday, dug up a quantity of human bones. Among the rest were the remains of a skeleton with iron manacles still on the wrist. It is highly probable that the mouldering bones are the remains of some of the victims of oppression on board the notorious Jersey prison ship.

HARRISONISM.—The Zanesville Aurora says: "The Wheeling Argus informs us, that at a preparatory meeting of the Tippecanoe Club of Wheeling, to make arrangements for receiving the Old Knight of the cider cask, several of the members had a regular built backwoods fight of fistcuffs, and were brought to order with bloody noses. This is a very 'decent' beginning, at all events; so very much so, that some of the old fashioned, sober Whigs of that city, begin to wish themselves back again to the days of Van Burenism."

## BANKRUPT LAW.

We have not anticipated any decisive action on this subject at the present session of congress, nor do we believe a General Bankrupt Law can be framed which will receive the sanction of the two Houses at the called session which has been resolved on. We doubt whether Messrs. Clay, Webster & Co., will be insane enough to pass what may be strictly regarded a relief law—we mean simply an act to enable embarrassed men to surrender their property, or make arrangements to suit themselves, and be finally relieved from the payment of their debts. Under such a law, scenes would immediately occur that could not fail to be disgusting to nine tenths of the community. We are not, like England, essentially a commercial and manufacturing people. No bankrupt law can be enacted in this country to affect the great mass of men of property—for although we choose to call ourselves a commercial people, we are an agricultural and planting people. The cultivators of the soil possess at least six sevenths of the wealth of the country, and will never consent to be brought under the operation of a law which is only necessary to the prosperity and security of the trading classes.

The main difficulty to be overcome by the advocates of a bankrupt law is, to satisfy the farmers and planters—men not generally in debt, and therefore opposed to any other than a law which will strictly guard the rights of creditors, while it permits the honest but unfortunate debtor to go free, and renew his efforts to support himself or family. Men unembarrassed will never sanction a law solely for the benefit of debtors, honest or dishonest—a law which would not only reach all classes of traders, but all business corporations, except banks. Gamblers in trade may desire for themselves something more than freedom—a guaranty that they can, by becoming bankrupts, cast off at any time all the consequences of dashing and overtrading—and they may wish the manufactures of paper money to be as free and as perfectly secure as themselves. Swindlers may pant for a law under which they can "cut and come again"—but planters and farmers, and regular men of business, desire no law by which injustice may be wrought to creditors. They would constrain the banker to be as prompt and as honest as the merchant, and their wishes will not be disregarded by statesmen who have no selfish or sinister object to accomplish.

The bankrupt bill which heretofore passed the Senate is merely a relief measure—un-guarded, partial, and glaringly unjust. It excluded poor men from its operation, but proposed to relieve dashers. It provided no adequate penalties for the commission of fraud or perjury. It stripped creditors of all their rights, by denying them the privilege of appointing the Commissioners, and authorizing the final discharge of a debtor, without reference to the wishes of a majority of his creditors; and, last, though not least, it exempted bankers, the very class that should be most punctual, above all others.

The Federal Constitution does not authorize the passage of any such relief law as we have described. It authorizes a uniform bankrupt law to reach and relieve traders, mechanics, and agriculturists, &c. For such a law providing for the security of creditors, and punishment for frauds, we would vote—but we never can sanction a mere relief law, which would operate to the injury of almost every man of business in the country. Merchants who petition for such an act, are really praying Congress to release many of their debtors from the obligations they are now under to pay.—[Louisville Ad.

James Watson Webb, is a candidate for the New York post Office. The Whigs ought to give it to him or Glenthorn. They have been serviceable rascals in the Whig cause. The difference in their peculiar merits is that one bribed others—the other was bribed himself, for the good of the party.—[Louisville Ad.